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New York
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THE
MADONNAS OF RAPHAEL



Raphael.

New York,
Published by Leavitt & Allen.

759.7
Ridw

BOOK

OF

Raphael's Madonnas.

BY JAMES P. WALKER.

NEW YORK:
LEAVITT AND ALLEN.

1860.

H. W. Deloche

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P R E F A C E .

When the idea of preparing a photographically illustrated book of RAPHAEL'S MADONNAS first suggested itself, it was accompanied by the natural desire to make the collection complete; i. e., to include photographs of all the "Holy Families," "Virgins," and "Madonnas," of this great master; that his matchless performances in this department might be made as familiar and easily comprehensible, as they have been made in others, through the publication of the "BOOK OF RAPHAEL'S CARTOONS," etc. But this end, desirable as it is, was manifestly impossible, from the circumstance that but a limited number of the original pictures have ever been reproduced by the engraver; and of those at any time engraved,—amounting in all to about thirty,—several are so rare as not to be obtainable in this country, or only very inferior copies of them. In view of these circumstances, it was deemed wisest to make a selection of the choicest and most universally-esteemed of these productions; with the purpose of issuing, at some future period, a Second Series, if the first volume meet the approbation of the public.

In selecting the engravings for photographing, care has been exercised to secure as true copies of the original pictures as could be found; a consideration which will be appreciated by those who are familiar with the liberty which competent engravers are accustomed to exercise, and the carelessness of the incompetent, in reproducing the work of any artist, especially one of the early masters.

It would be easy to point to engravings of Raphael's Madonnas, well executed mechanically, but in which the design of the Painter has been so altered by the engraver, as to raise a question in the mind of the beholder, which of the originals had been followed; the result being a sort of fancy sketch "founded on fact," and occupying, in Art, the anomalous position of "Historical Novels" in literature.

The illustrative sketches which accompany the photographs have been compiled from a

great variety of sources, and it is hoped will be found to enhance the interest of the collection. The authorities principally depended upon, are :—

QUATREMERE DE QUINCEY'S LIFE OF RAPHAEL,

VASARI'S LIVES OF THE PAINTERS, ETC.,

KUGLER'S HAND-BOOK OF PAINTING,

MRS. JAMESON'S LEGENDS OF THE MADONNA,

MRS. JAMESON'S SKETCHES OF ART,

though a great number of other works have been incidentally consulted ; while the poetical literature of England and America has been gleaned to furnish appropriate and agreeable accompaniments to the descriptive sketches.

That the volume, notwithstanding its faults of execution, will not prove wholly unacceptable, we feel assured, from the subject which it strives to illustrate ; “a subject,” in the words of a modern authoress, best qualified to discourse thereon, “so consecrated by its antiquity, so hallowed by its profound significance, so endeared by its associations with the softest and deepest of our human sympathies, that the mind has never wearied of its repetition, nor the eye become fatiated with its beauty. Those who refuse to give it the honor due to a religious representation, yet regard it with a tender, half-willing homage ; and when the glorified type of what is purest, loftiest, holiest in womanhood, stands before us, arrayed in all the majesty and beauty that accomplished Art, inspired by faith and love, could lend her, and bearing her divine Son, rather enthroned than sustained on her maternal bosom, ‘we look, and the heart is in heaven!’—and it is difficult, very difficult, to refrain from an *ORA PRO NOBIS*.”


With these words of explanation, we commend the volume, which has afforded us many hours of delightful, if laborious occupation, in the preparation, to the cultivated and the tasteful.

J. P. W.

Boston, July, 1859.

Raphael.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

Y Heaven impressed with genius' seal,
An eye to see, and heart to feel,
His soul through boundless nature roved,
And seeing felt, and feeling loved.
But weak the power of mind at will
To give the hand the painter's skill ;
For mortal works, maturing flow,
From patient care and labor flow :
And, hence restrained, his youthful hand
Obeyed a master's dull command ;
But soon with health his sickly style
From Leonardo learned to smile ;
And now from Buonarotti caught
A nobler form ; and now it fought

Of color fair the magic spell,
And traced her to the Friar's* cell.
No foolish pride, no narrow rule,
Enflaved his soul ; from every school,
Whatever fair, whatever grand,
His pencil like a potent wand,
Transfusing, bade his canvas grace.
Progressive thus, with giant pace,
And energy no toil could tame,
He climbed the rugged mount of Fame :
And soon had reached the summit bold,
When Death, who there delights to hold
His fatal watch, with envious blow
Quick hurled him to the shades below.

* Fra Bartolomeo.

Outline of Raphael's Life and Genius.

“In RAPHAEL's hands, art performs its highest, and, indeed, its only legitimate function, it makes us better men.”—HILLARD.

WITH no intention of preparing an elaborate Biographical Sketch of the distinguished master, whose wonderful compositions form the subject of this volume, it is fitting that the following sketches and selections should be preceded by a brief narrative of the principal events of that short but brilliant career; and such tributes to his surpassing genius from those qualified to pronounce them, as may serve to illustrate and enforce his claim to precedence among the throng, whose productions crowd the galleries of the past, constituting at once their patent of nobility, and their crown of immortality.

RAPHAEL DE SANZIO (or RAFFAELLO, as Vafari and the

modern Italians write it) was born in the small town of Urbino, in the Papal States, on Good Friday, March 24th, 1483. He received his first instruction in art from his father, Giovanni Santi, a painter of little reputation; and, in 1494, was placed under the tuition of Pietro Perugino, a master not unworthy his illustrious pupil. Here he remained for three years, when Perugino, being summoned by business to Florence, Raphael essayed trials of his powers, and made several excursions in the environs of Perugia.

In 1504, he removed to Florence, where he remained, with the exception of occasional visits to Perugia and Bologna, till 1508. In that year he was called to Rome by Pope Julius II., to assist in the adornment of the Vatican, a labor which occupied him, with numerous intermissions, several years. His house, built by himself, near the Piazza Vaticano, is still pointed out to visitors in the "Eternal City." Between 1512 and 1520, the majority of his matchless Madonnas, Holy Families, Portraits, etc., were executed: the Cartoons at Hampton Court were executed 1515-16; the frescoes of the Farnesina, 1518. Besides his labors in this department, he was employed, from 1515, in building the new Basilica of St. Peter, having that year been appointed by the Pope architect of that structure.

His death, which was sudden as it was untimely, is said to have been caused by a fever, induced by a severe cold, contracted during a conversation with the Pope about the progress of St. Peter's; which took place in one of the vast halls of the palace, whither Raphael, on receiving a summons, had proceeded in such haste as to arrive in a profuse perspiration.

He expired on Good Friday, April 6th, 1520, at the age of 37.

After laying in state, at his own house, in the apartment where hung his last work, the Transfiguration, his remains were conveyed, amidst the lamentations of the whole city, to the ancient Pantheon—the Church of Santa Maria de la Rotunda, and deposited, in accordance with his last request, at the foot of the chapel he had endowed, where his sepulchre now is.

For more than a century the Academy of St. Luke, at Rome, exhibited, in a glass case, a skull, which it was pretended was that of Raphael; and the author of "Rome in the Nineteenth Century," alludes, in terms of becoming disgust, to the exhibition. In 1833, to silence the queries which had arisen upon the subject, the tomb of Raphael was opened with great care, and in the presence of many of the highest dignitaries of the Church and State; and, after its repose of more than

three centuries, the skeleton of the great master was found entire. A mould was taken of the skull; and the second inhumation took place on the evening of the 18th of October, with great pomp, the interior of the Rotunda being funereally illuminated on the occasion.

All his biographers unite in ascribing to Raphael great beauty of person, and yet greater beauty of character. Of agreeable manners, modest, thoughtful of others, obliging, he disarmed the jealousy which his extraordinary and versatile genius and rapid advancement were calculated to inspire. Indeed, Vasari assures us, "that he was never seen to go to Court but surrounded and accompanied, as he left his house, by some fifty painters, all men of ability and distinction, who attended him thus to give evidence of the honor in which they held him."

His mental acquirements were considerable and respectable. That he did not lack for timely and satirical wit, and boldness withal, the following anecdote will indicate:—

It is said that while engaged in painting his celebrated frescoes, he was visited by two cardinals, who began to criticise his work, and found fault without understanding it.

"The apostle Paul has too red a face," said one.

“He blushes even in heaven to see what hands the Church has fallen into,” replied the indignant painter.

It is little to say, coldly, that for invention, composition, expression, and grace, Raphael far excelled all his predecessors and contemporaries; while the universal testimony of those familiar with his paintings, is, that they are pervaded by a nameless charm, perceptible by all persons of taste, and distinguishing them from all other works of art, but rather to be felt, than analyzed and described in set terms.

Richardson, in his *Essays*, as quoted by Hazlitt, after a rapid survey of the peculiar excellences of the most celebrated artists, concludes thus:—“But ah! the pleasure, when a connoisseur and lover of art has before him a picture or drawing, of which he can say, this is the hand, these are the thoughts of him (Raphael) who was one of the politest, best-natured gentlemen that ever was; beloved and assisted by the greatest wits and the greatest men then in Rome: of him who lived in great fame, honor, and magnificence, and died extremely lamented; missed a cardinal's hat only by dying a few months too soon; but was particularly esteemed and favored by two Popes, the only ones who filled the chair of St. Peter in his time, and

as great men as ever sat there since that apostle, if, at least, he ever did; one, in short, who could have been a Leonardo, a Michael Angelo, a Titian, a Correggio, a Parruegiano, an Annibal, a Rubens, or any other whom he pleased, but none of them could ever have been a Raphael."

He is allowed, writes Pilkinton, "to have diffused throughout all his works, more grace, truth, and sublimity than any other painter, who has appeared before or since."

"It was one of the remarkable properties of Raphael's genius," says De Quincey, "that in the execution of his works he always expressed, in a prominent manner, the greatest and most elevated feature of his subject, without, in any degree, scorning the minutest details. Lanzi has observed, on this point, that the finish he has given to his heads is such, that you can almost count every particular hair."

"Michael Angelo," remarks Hazlitt, ("Criticisms on Art,") "was painter, sculptor, architect. Raphael was only a painter, but in that one art he seemed to pour out all the treasures and various excellences of nature, grandeur and scope of design, exquisite finishing, force, grace, delicacy, the strength of man, the softness of woman, the playfulness of infancy, thought, feeling,

invention, imitation, labor, ease, and every quality that can distinguish a picture, except color."

The grace and naturalness of the pictures of this master are everywhere borne witness to.

"All great actions are simple," says Emerson, "and all great pictures are. The Transfiguration,* by Raphael, is an eminent example of this peculiar merit. A calm, benignant beauty shines all over this picture, and goes directly to the heart. It seems almost to call you by name. The sweet and sublime face of Jesus is beyond praise, yet how it disappoints all florid expectation. This familiar, simple, home-speaking countenance is as if one should meet a friend."

It would be easy to heap up testimony of a similar character, to any extent, but the task is unnecessary. Mrs. Bray, the accomplished biographer of Stothard, the artist—well known by his numerous drawings, especially the inimitable "Pilgrimage to Canterbury," and "Flitch of Bacon," says of her subject:—"There can be no doubt that Stothard's youthful study of Ra-

* This wonderful picture has been reproduced in Rome, in mosaics, at a cost of 12,000 crowns, and the labor of nine years; ten men working at it. The smalts, of which these mosaic pictures are formed, are a species of opaque vitrified glass, partaking of the mixed nature of stone and glass. Of these, no less than seventeen hundred different shades are in use; they are manufactured in Rome, in the form of long slender rods, like wires, of different degrees of thickness.

phael helped, not merely to form his taste, but to develop his own remarkable powers, and to make him what he was. He had imbibed that grace and mystery of painting which is so transcendently beautiful in the pictures of the Italian masters. The Holy Families of the English painters are human beings; with the Italians they are only human forms, having, however, infused into them something of a superhuman spirit."

It is known, says De Quincey, that Raphael had a special devotion for the Virgin; this is attested, in a measure, by his founding, in her honor, a chapel in the church of Santa Maria della Rotunda, where, as we have shown, his ashes now repose. But nothing, continues De Quincey, so clearly manifests in him the various feelings of a piety, sometimes simple and affectionate, sometimes full of grandeur and elevation, than that diversity of aspects under which his pencil, always noble, though the subject of the composition be simple, always amiable and graceful though it be sublime, has delighted in setting forth, according to the tastes or destination for which they were intended, the image of the Virgin—here, as the modest inhabitant of Bethlehem—there, as the queen of the angels.

"His Madonnas," remarks Vafari, "display all that the highest idea of beauty could imagine in the

representation of a youthful virgin: modesty in her eyes, on her forehead honor, in the line of the nose grace, in the mouth virtue."

Hillard, in his criticism upon the pictures in the Tribune, at Florence, bears witness to Raphael's matchless skill in impressing upon his productions that undefinable grace and majesty which distinguish his works from all others. "Maternal love, purity of feeling, sweetness, refinement, and a certain soft ideal happiness breathe from his canvas like odor from a flower. No painter addresses so wide a circle of sympathies as he; no one speaks a language so intelligible to the common apprehension."

The secret of this wonderful success, so far at least as the secrets of genius can be penetrated, would seem to be, that Raphael never copied, but painted always, as indeed he has himself declared, from an idea in his own mind: while the Madonnas of most other artists were portraits. Andrea del Sarto, Rubens, and Albano, painted their wives; Allori and Vandyck their mistresses; Domenichino his daughter.

On this point, Kugler observes: "Like all other artists, Raphael is always greatest when, undisturbed by foreign influence, he follows the free and original impulse of his own mind. His peculiar element was

grace and beauty of form, in as far as these are the expression of high moral purity. Hence, notwithstanding the grand works in which he was employed by the Popes, his peculiar powers are most fully developed in the Madonnas and Holy Families, of which he has left so great a number. In his youth, he seems to have been fondest of this class of subjects. They are conceived with a graceful freedom, so delicately controlled, that it appears always guided by the finest feeling for the laws of art. They place before us those dearest relations of life which form the foundation of morality, the closest ties of family love; yet they seem to breathe a feeling still higher and holier. Mary is not only the affectionate mother; she appears, at the same time, with an expression of almost virgin timidity, and yet as the blessed one of whom the Lord was born. The infant Christ is not only the cheerful, innocent child, but a prophetic seriousness rests on his features which tells of his future destiny.

In any comparative estimate of Raphael's powers or performances, the shortness of his life must not be overlooked. It is somewhat remarkable that of seventy-seven artists of renown, from Cimabue, born in 1240, to Turner, who died in 1852, all but two—Paul Potter, who died at the age of 27, and Giorgione, who lived

but 34 years—exceed Raphael in the length of their several careers. The average life of the seventy-seven was 68 years, 8 months.

The eminent historical painter, Opie, concludes a lecture at the Royal Institution thus:—"The history of no man's life affords a more encouraging and instructive example than that of RAPHAEL. The path by which he ascended to eminence is open, and the steps visible to all. He began with apparently no very uncommon fund of ability, but, sensible of his deficiencies, he lost no opportunity of repairing them. He studied all the artists of his own and former times, and penetrated all their mysteries, mastered their peculiarities, and grafted all their excellencies on his own stock."


Hymn to the Virgin.

EDGAR A. POE.



T morn, at noon, at twilight dim,
Maria, thou hast heard my hymn :
In joy and woe, in good and ill,
Mother of God, be with me still !
When the hours flew brightly by,
And not a cloud obscured the sky,
My soul, lest it should truant be,
Thy grace did guide to thine and thee.
Now, when storms of fate o'ercast
Darkly my present and my past,
Let my future radiance shine
With sweet hopes of thee and thine.

Vierge au Berceau.

 HIS charming conception was presented by Raphael to Adrian Gouffier, Cardinal de Boissy, whom Leo X. sent legate into France. It is painted on copper; is one foot three inches high, and eleven and one-half inches wide. After being preserved for a series of years in the family of the recipient, it came into the cabinet of the Duke de Rouanez, and was purchased by Louis XIV. of the Abbe de Brienne; and it now beautifies the walls of the Louvre. On the right, the infant Jesus, standing, leaning on the Virgin, his feet resting on his cradle, takes in his hands the head of the young Saint John, whom Saint Elizabeth, kneeling, is presenting to him. Behind the figures are trees and part of a wall in ruins. On the right and left, a beautiful landscape.

De Quincey remarks of this picture, that in it "there is great vigor of tone and most careful handling. The genius of Raphael shines forth from every figure. The infant Jesus is imbued with a grace and beauty truly divine. The landscape is smiling and brilliant."



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Invocation to the Virgin.

CHAUCE R.

MODERNIZED BY WORDSWORTH.



MOTHER Maid ! O Maid and Mother free !

O bush unburnt, burning in Moses' fight !

That down didst ravish from the Deity,

Through humbleness, the Spirit that did alight

Upon thy heart, whence, through that glory's
might,

Conceived was the Father's sapience,

Help me to tell it in thy reverence !

Lady, thy goodness, thy magnificence,

Thy virtue, and thy great humility,

Surpass all science and all utterance ;

For, sometimes, Lady ! ere men pray to thee,

Thou go'st before in thy benignity,

The light to us vouchsafing of thy prayer,
To be our guide unto thy Son so dear.

My knowledge is so weak, O blissful Queen,
To tell abroad thy mighty worthiness,
That I the weight of it may not sustain,
But as a child of twelve months old, or less,
That laboreth his language to express,
Even so fare I; and therefore, I thee pray,
Guide thou my song, which I of thee shall say.

La Madonna dell Pesce.

(SEE FRONTISPIECE.)

THE Madonna of the Fish was painted on panel, between 1513 and 1515, for the church of San Domenico, at Naples, and placed in that chapel wherein is the crucifix which spoke to St. Thomas Aquinas. By the chances of events, the picture was transported from Naples to Spain, from Spain to Paris, where it was transferred* from panel to canvas,

* The transfer of a painting from panel to canvas seems so impossible an operation, and the process is so ingenious and interesting, that it may not be amiss to record here the description of it, given by the members of the National Institute, Paris, by whom it was performed upon another of Raphael's pictures :—

“It was necessary, as a previous step, to render the surface of the panel, on which the picture was painted, perfectly plane. To this end, a gauze having been pasted over the painting, the picture was turned on its face. There was then formed in the substance of the wood a number of small channels, at certain distances from each other, and extending from the upper extremity of the arch, to where the panel presented a truer surface. He introduced into these channels small wooden wedges, and afterwards covered the whole surface with wet cloths, which he took care to renew from time to time.

and again returned to Spain, where it now reposes in the Gallery of the Escorial in Madrid. It represents the Madonna and child upon a throne; on one side, and kneeling on a step of the throne, is St. Jerome,

“The action of these wedges, expanding by the humidity, obliged the panel to reassume its original form, the two parts of the crack before mentioned were brought together; and the artist, having introduced a strong glue to re-unite them, applied cross bars of oak, for the purpose of retaining the picture, during its drying, in the form which it had taken.

“The desiccation was performed very slowly; a second gauze was applied over the former, and upon that two successive layers of spongy paper. This preparation, which is called the cartonnage, being dry, the picture was again inverted upon a table, to which it was firmly fixed down, and they afterwards proceeded to the separation of the wood on which the picture had been painted.

“The first operation was performed by means of two saws, the one of which worked perpendicularly, and the other horizontally. The work of the saws being finished, the wood was found to be reduced to one-tenth of an inch in thickness. The artist afterwards made use of a plane, of a convex form, in the direction of its breadth: this was applied obliquely upon the wood, so as to take off very small shavings, and to avoid raising the grain of the wood, which was reduced by this means to .002 of an inch thick.

“He took afterwards a flat-toothed plane, of which the effect is nearly similar to that of a rasp, which takes off the wood in form of a dust or powder: it was reduced by this tool to a thickness not exceeding that of an ordinary sheet of paper.

“In this state, the wood having been repeatedly wetted with fair water, in small compartments, was carefully detached by the artist with the rounded point of a knife blade. The citizen Hacquin having then taken away the whole of the priming on which the picture had been painted, and especially the varnishes, which some former reparations had made necessary, laid open the very sketch itself of Raffaello.

“In order to give some degree of suppleness to the painting, so much hardened by time, it was rubbed with cotton dipped in oil, and wiped with old muslin; after which, a coating of white lead, ground with oil, was substituted for the former priming, and laid on with a soft brush.

“After three months drying, a gauze was pasted on to the oil-priming, and over that a fine cloth. This being again dried, the picture was detached from the table, and again turned, for the purpose of taking off the cartonnage by means of water; which operation being finished, they proceeded to take away certain inequalities of the surface, which had arisen from its un-

reading from a book. On the other side, the young Tobit (Tobias), bearing a fish in one hand, is presented by the guardian angel Raphael.

“Tobias with his fish,” says Mrs. Jameson, “was an early type of baptism.” “The angel Raphael leading Tobias, always expresses protection, and especially protection to the young.” Bonnemaïson, a learned commentator, has pretended that the object of this picture was to signify the acknowledged canonicalness of the Book of Tobit, and the version of it, made by St. Jerome; the child Jesus, by the reception he seems to give to the young Tobit—expressing the approbation of the book by the Church. This is pronounced by

equal shrinking during the former operations. To this end, the artist applied successively to these inequalities a thin paste of wheaten flour, over which a strong paper being laid, he passed over it a heated iron, which produced the desired effect; but it was not until the most careful trial had been made of the due heat of the iron, that it was allowed to approach the picture.

“We have thus seen, that having fixed the picture, freed from every extraneous matter, upon an oil priming, and having given a true form to its surface, it yet remained to apply this chef-d’œuvre of art firmly upon a new ground. To this end, it was necessary to paper it afresh, and to take away the gauze, which had been provisionally laid upon the priming, to add a new coat of white lead and oil, and to apply upon that a very soft gauze, over which was again laid a cloth, woven all of one piece, and impregnated on the exterior surface with a resinous mixture, which served to fix it upon a similar cloth stretched upon the frame. This last operation required the utmost care, in applying to the prepared cloth the body of the painting, freed again from its cartonnage, in avoiding the injuries which might arise from too great or unequal an extension, and, at the same time, in obliging every part of its vast extent to adhere equally to the cloth stretched upon the frame.

“Thus was this valuable picture incorporated with a base more durable even than its former one, and guarded against those accidents which had before produced its decay.”


De Quincey, "one of Raphael's most pleasing compositions—one of those which appear to have been most completely the work of his own hand. Its tone is everywhere clear. It has all the purity, all the simplicity of the first age; and, at the same time, all the firmness, all the breadth of style, the fruit of mature talent. Nothing can be more true than the head of Saint Jerome; nothing more expressive than that of the angel Raphael; nothing more simple than the position, or more innocent than the countenance of the young Tobit; and never did the painter conceive any thing more noble and more modest, any thing grander and more graceful, than the figure of the Virgin."

Wilkie says, "the head and neck of the angel may be considered to realize the beau-ideal of the supposed art of the Greeks."

Kugler considers the picture as uniting "the sublime and abstract character of sacred beings with the individuality of nature in the happiest manner . . . all the figures are graceful and dignified, and all combine in beautiful harmony, and leave a refined impression on the feelings of the spectator."

Oh, Virgin Mother !

TRANSLATED FROM DANTE, BY CARY.

H, Virgin-Mother, daughter of thy Son !
Created beings all in lowliness
Surpassing, as in height above them all ;
Term by the eternal counsel preordained ;
Ennobler of thy nature, so advanced
In thee, that its great Maker did not scorn
To make himself his own creation ;
For in thy womb, rekindling shone the love
Revealed, whose genial influence makes now
This flower to germin in eternal peace :
Here thou, to us, of charity and love
Art as the noonday torch, and art beneath,
To mortal men, of hope a living spring.
So mighty art thou, Lady, and so great,
That he who grace desireth, and comes not

To thee for aidance, fain would have desire
Fly without wings. Not only him who asks,
Thy bounty succors ; but doth freely oft
Forerun the asking. Whatsoe'er may be
Of excellence in creature, pity mild,
Relenting mercy, large munificence,
Are all combined in thee !

La Vierge au Voile.

SEVERAL copies of this pleasing picture, or more properly, repetitions of the same idea—the Sleeping Saviour, from whom the Holy Mother gently removes the covering—exist in the galleries of Europe. The one here represented is from the original in the Louvre, and is known also, as “La Vierge au Diademe,” from the diadem with which the Virgin is crowned. In the estimation of the editors of the great work, the “Musée Français,” “this painting merits peculiar distinction among the many Raphael executed on the same subject, from the beautiful sentiment it expresses, and by the charm of the composition. He has depicted the sweet sensation of a tender mother when she contemplates her child sunk in a deep and tranquil sleep. He has placed the Virgin crouched beside her infant, in the Eastern manner, raising softly the veil that covers him, that he may be seen by St.

John. The background of the picture represents the ruins of a temple in the neighborhood of the town of Saccheti, near St. Peter. The picture belonged formerly to M. de la Vrilliere, and afterwards passed into the cabinet of the Prince de Cavignan, and at his death was purchased by Louis XIV."

The original is two feet two and three-fourths inches, by one foot seven and one-half inches, and, according to Kugler, has been much injured, like so many others at the Louvre.

Mrs. Jameſon conſiders the picture replete with grace and expreſſion.


Can we better conclude, than by an extract from Mrs. Browning's Address of the Virgin Mary to the Child Jeſus?—"Sleep, ſleep, mine Holy One"—

"Perchance this ſleep that ſhutteth out the dreary
Earth ſounds and motions, opens on thy ſoul
 High dreams on fire with God;
High ſongs that make the pathways where they roll
More bright than ſtars do theirs; and viſions new
Of thine eternal nature's old abode.
 Suffer this mother's kiſs,
 Beſt thing that earthly is,
To glide the muſic and the glory through,
To narrow in thy dream the broad upliftings
 Of any ſeraph's wing.
Thus, noiſeleſs, thus! Sleep, ſleep, my dreaming One."



The Worship of the Madonna.

MRS. JAMESON.

F the pictures in our galleries, public or private—
of the architectural adornments of those majestic
edifices which sprung up in the middle ages
(where they have not been despoiled or defecrated by a zeal as fervent as that which reared them),
the largest and most beautiful portion have reference to
the Madonna—her character, her person, her history.
It was a theme which never tired her votaries—
whether, as in the hands of the great and sincere
artists, it became one of the noblest and loveliest, or, as
in the hands of the superficial, unbelieving, time-
serving artists, one of the most degraded. * * * It is
not my intention to enter here on that disputed point,
the origin of the worship of the Madonna. * * * That

the veneration paid to Mary in the early Church was a very natural feeling in those who advocated the divinity of her Son, would be granted, I suppose, by all but the most bigoted reformers; that it led to unwise and wild extremes, confounding the creature with the Creator, would be admitted, I suppose, by all but the most bigoted Roman Catholics.

How it extended from the East over the nations of the West, how it grew and spread, may be read in ecclesiastical histories. Everywhere it seems to have found in the human heart some deep sympathy—deeper far than mere theological doctrine could reach—ready to accept it; and in every land the ground prepared for it in some already dominant idea of a Mother-Goddess, chaste, beautiful, and benign. * * *

It is curious to observe, as the worship of the Virgin-Mother expanded and gathered to itself the relics of many an ancient faith, how the new and the old elements, some of them apparently the most heterogeneous, became amalgamated, and were combined into the early forms of art;—how the Madonna, when she assumed the characteristics of the great Diana of Ephesus, at once the type of Fertility, and the Goddess of Chastity, became, as the impersonation of motherhood, all beauty, bounty, and graciousness; and at the same

time, by virtue of her perpetual virginity, the patroness of single and ascetic life—the example and the excuse for many of the wildest of the early monkish theories.

* * * The first historical mention of a direct worship paid to the Virgin Mary, occurs in a passage in the works of St Epiphanius, who died in 403. The very first instance which occurs in written history of an invocation to Mary, is in the life of St. Justina, as related by Gregory Nazianzen. To the same period—the fourth century—we refer the most ancient representations of the Virgin in art. The earliest figures extant are those on the Christian sarcophagi; but neither in the early sculpture, nor in the mosaics of S. Maria Maggiore, do we find any figure of the Virgin standing alone; she forms a part of the group of the Nativity or the Adoration of the Magi. There is no attempt at individuality or portraiture. St. Augustine says expressly, that there existed, in his time, no authentic portrait of the Virgin.

Holy Family.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.



CHILD of beauty rare—

O mother chaste and fair—

How happy seem they both, so far
beyond compare !

She, in her infant blest,

And he in conscious rest,

Nestling within the soft warm cradle
of her breast !


What joy that sight might bear

To him who sees them there,

If with a pure and guilt untroubled eye,

He looked upon the twain, like Joseph
standing by.

Madonna della Seggiola.

 HIS celebrated picture—entitled also, “La Vierge a la Chaïse”—is, without exception, the best known of Raphael’s Madonnas, and that from which the greatest number of copies have been taken. It is, therefore, incontestably the favorite with the public, if not with artists and amateurs.

This has been variously accounted for. A modern writer on Art, remarks of the Virgin-Mother (whose fitting position, it may be observed, gives the picture its distinctive appellation), “Her form, her features, an indescribable sweetness of expression, the maternal tenderness beaming from her soft hazel eye, the modest and pious consciousness of being the mother of a God, the position of the child’s cheek to her own, expressive at once of both dignity and fondness of affection, the

propriety of costume, the coloring, the finish—all, all are divine.”

The Editors of the famous “Musée Français” discourse thus:—“All these pictures of Raphael are conceived with judgment, composed with grace, drawn with precision, and painted with the utmost perfection of art. Whence comes it, then, that this, more than any other, possesses an inconceivable charm, but from the countenance of the Virgin, whose features are more uniformly fine, whose eyes have greater vivacity, whose whole expression is more striking and gracious, than distinguish any other composition on the same subject, which are more generally remarked for simplicity of character.

“The contouring, likewise, exhibits extraordinary purity, correctness, and beauty. It is remarked that the paint itself is superior to that employed by Raphael in any other production.”

De Quincey considers this, in “coloring and grace of attitude and arrangement, one of Raphael’s most agreeable productions. The manner in which the child and mother are grouped, and in which the head of the latter is turned back, the elegance and grace of the ensemble, have singularly captivated the taste of those who are less sensible to the religious keeping of



the subject, than to the general impression of a graceful effect upon the senses."

The accomplished author of the "Six Months in Italy" regards it as a work of great sweetness, purity, and tenderness, but not representing all the power of the artist's genius. "Its chief charm, and the secret of its world-wide popularity, is its happy blending of the divine and the human elements. Some painters treat this subject in such a way that the spectator sees only a mortal mother caressing her child; while, by others, the only ideas awakened are those of the Virgin and the Redeemer. But heaven and earth meet on Raphael's canvas: the purity of heaven and the tenderness of earth. The round, infantile forms, the fond, clasping arms, the sweetness and the grace belong to the world that is around us; but the faces—especially that of the infant Saviour, in whose eyes there is a mysterious depth of expression, which no engraving has ever fully caught—are touched with light from heaven, and suggest something to worship as well as to love."

Mrs. Jameson, in her "Diary of an Ennuyee," records of this Madonna:—"The prevailing expression is a serious and pensive tenderness; her eyes are turned from her infant, but she clasps him to her bosom, as if it were not necessary to see him, to feel him in her heart."


And lastly, Kugler describes her as “a beautiful and blooming woman, looking out of the picture in the tranquil enjoyment of maternal love; the Child is full and strong in form, has a serious, ingenuous and grand expression. The coloring is uncommonly warm and beautiful.”

The original is circular in form, two feet four inches in diameter. It was painted about 1516, and formed part of the Florentine Gallery from 1539 till a later period, when it was transferred to the Pitti Palace.

It has been valued at 150,000 francs.

Mary!

SHELLEY.


ERAPH of Heaven! too gentle to be human,
Veiling beneath that radiant form of woman
All that is insupportable in thee
Of light, and love, and immortality!
Sweet benediction in the eternal curse!
Veiled Glory of this lampless universe!
Thou Moon beyond the clouds! Thou living
Form
Among the Dead! Thou Star above the storm!
Thou Wonder, and thou Beauty, and thou
Terror!
Thou Harmony of Nature's art! Thou Mirror
In whom, as in the splendor of the Sun,
All shapes look glorious which thou gazest on!

See where she stands ! a mortal shape endued
With love, and life, and light, and deity ;
The motion which may change but cannot die ;
An image of some bright eternity ;
A shadow of some golden dream ; a splendor
Leaving the third sphere pilotless.





La Vierge aux Palmiers.

N the first visit of Raphael to Florence, he was welcomed with warm hospitality by Zaddeo Taddei, a great admirer of genius. Raphael, that he might not be surpassed in generosity and courtesy, painted, probably between 1506 and 1508, two pictures for his kind entertainer, wherein there are traces of his first manner, derived from Pietro, and also of that much better one which he acquired by study. These were both pictures of the Madonna, and after the decease of Zaddeo's immediate heirs, were dispersed, and only traced within a few years. One is in the Gallery of the Belvidere at Vienna ; the other, representing the entire Holy Family reposing under a palm tree, is in the Bridgewater Gallery, in the possession of the Earl of Ellesmere, London. It was formerly in the Orleans Collection, having been purchased for 1,000 pounds.

It is circular in form, three feet nine inches in diameter; was originally painted on panel, but since transferred to canvas.

Not wholly inappropriate, in this connection, are Mrs. Hemans' fine lines on the "Repose of the Holy Family, during the Flight into Egypt:"—

"Under a palm tree, by the green old Nile,
Lulled on his mother's breast, the fair child lies,
With dove-like breathings, and a tender smile
Brooding above the slumber of His eyes;
While, through the stillness of the burning skies,
Lo! the dread works of Egypt's buried kings,
Temple and pyramid, beyond Him rise,
Regal and still as everlasting things.
Vain pomps! from Him, with that pure flowery cheek,
Soft shadowed by His mother's drooping head,
A new born spirit, mighty and yet meek,
O'er the whole world like vernal air shall spread,
And bid all earthly grandeurs cast the crown,
Before the suffering and the lowly down."

Raphael and Fornarina.

BY L. E. LONDON.

[RAPHAEL was essentially the painter of beauty. Of the devotion with which he sought its inspiration, in its presence, a remarkable instance is recorded. He either could not, or would not, paint without the presence of his lovely mistress, LA FORNARINA.]



H! not for him the dull and measured eye,
Which colors nothing in the common sky,
Which sees but night upon the starry cope,
And animates with no mysterious hope.
Which looks upon a quiet face, nor dreams
If it be ever tranquil as it seems;
Which reads no histories in a parting look,
Nor on the cheek, which is the heart's own book,
Whereon it writes in rosy characters
Whate'er emotion in its silence stirs.

Such are the common people of the soul,
Of whom the stars write not in their bright scroll.
These, when the sunshine on the noontide makes
Golden confusion in the forest brakes,
See no sweet shadows gliding o'er the grass,
Which seem to fill with wild flowers as they pass;
These, from the twilight music of the fount
Ask not its secret and its sweet account;
These never seek to read the chronicle
Which hides within the hyacinth's dimlit bell:
They know not of the poetry which lies
Upon the summer rose's languid eyes;
They have not spiritual visitings elysian,
They dream no dreamings, and they see no vision.

The young Italian was not of the clay,
That doth to dust one long allegiance pay.
No; he was tempered with that finer flame,
Which ancient fables say from heaven came;
The sunshine of the soul, which fills the earth
With beauty borrowed from its place of birth.
Hence has his lute its song, the scroll its line;
Hence stands the statue glorious in its shrine;
Hence the fair picture, kings are fain to win,
The mind's creations from the world within.

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Not without me !—alone, thy hand
Forgot its art awhile ;
Thy pencil lost its high command,
Uncherished by my smile.
It was too dull a task for thee
To paint remembered rays ;
Thou, who were wont to gaze on me,
And color from that gaze.

I know that I am very fair,
I would I were divine,
To realize the shapes that share
Those midnight hours of thine.
Thou sometimes tellest me, how in sleep
What lovely phantoms seem ;
I hear thee name them, and I weep
Too jealous of a dream.

But thou did'st pine for me, my love,
Afide thy colors thrown ;
'Twas sad to raise thine eyes above,
Unanswered by mine own ;
Thou who art wont to lift those eyes,
And gather from my face
The warmth of life's impassioned dyes,
Its color and its grace.

Ah ! let me linger at thy fide,
And fing some sweet old fong,
That tells of hearts as true and tried,
As to ourfelves belong.
The love whose light thy colors give,
Is kindled at the heart ;
And who fhall bid its influence live,
My Raphael, if we part ?

La Vierge a l'Oiseau.

KNOWN ALSO AS THE

MADONNA DEL CARDELLINO.

WHILE Raphael was in Florence, for the first time, he formed a close friendship with Lorenzo Nasi, and the latter having taken a wife at that time, Raphael, says Vasari, painted a picture for him, wherein he represented Our Lady with the Infant Christ, to whom St. John, also a child, is joyously offering a bird, which is causing infinite delight and gladness to both children. In the attitude of each there is a child-like simplicity of the utmost loveliness; they are, besides, so admirably colored, and finished with so much care, that they seem more like living beings than paintings. Equally good is the figure of the Madonna: it has an air of singular grace and even divinity, while all

the rest of the work—the foreground, the surrounding landscape, and every other particular, are extremely beautiful. This picture was held in the highest estimation by Lorenzo Nasi so long as he lived, not only because it was a memorial of Raphael, who had been so much his friend, but on account of the dignity and excellence of the whole composition; but on the 9th of August, 1548, the work was nearly destroyed by the sinking down of the hill of San Giorgio, when the mansion of Lorenzo was overwhelmed by the fallen masses. The fragments of the picture were found among the ruins of the house, and put together in the best manner that he could contrive by Batista, a son of Lorenzo, who was a great lover of art! The picture now adorns the Tribune of the Florentine Gallery, though this has been regarded by some as a duplicate, or perhaps a copy, of the original work presented to Nasi.

Hillard, in that charming record of his “Six Months in Italy,” alluding to this picture in connection with a “St. John in the Desert,” also by Raphael—remarks, “These two pictures are not penetrated with that maturity and vigor which Raphael’s genius subsequently attained, but they are full of those winning and engaging qualities which belonged to it in every stage of its development.”




Mrs. Jameson regards this work as perhaps the most perfect example of the class of Madonnas to which it belongs—the group of three—which could be cited from the whole range of art: and Kugler says, “The form and countenance of the Madonna are of the purest beauty; her whole soul seems to breathe holiness and peace. John also is extremely sweet; but the figure of the infant Christ does not fulfil the artist’s intention, which appears to have been to represent the seriousness and dignity of a Divine being in a childlike form.”

Zappi's Sonnet

ON THE PORTRAIT OF RAPHAEL BY HIMSELF.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN, BY

GEO. W. BETHUNE.

ND this is Raffaele ! There in that one face,
So sadly sweet, fought nature to portray
His own high dreams of nobleness and grace,
The all of genius that she could convey
In features visible. He alone could trace
The great Idea ; nor could he essay
Upon the eternal canvas thus to place,
Secure in beauty far beyond decay,
Another form so glorious as his own.
E'en eager Death held in suspense his dart :
“ How shall the painter from his work be known ? ”
He asks, “ that I may strike him to the heart ? ”
“ Fruitless thy rage,” the great soul gives reply,
“ Nor image, nor its author, e'er shall die ! ”

Raphael's Genius.

FROM "GUESSES AT TRUTH."

MILTON has been compared to Raphael. He is much more like Michael Angelo. Michael Angelo is the painter of the Old Testament, Raphael of the New. Now Milton, as Wordsworth has said of him, was a Hebrew in soul. He was grand, severe, austere. He loved to deal with the primeval, elementary forms, both of inanimate nature and of human, before the manifold, ever-multiplying combinations of thought and feeling had shaped themselves into the multifarious complexities of human character. * * * *


Where to find a parallel for Raphael in the modern world, I know not. Sophocles, among poets, most resembles him. In knowledge of the diversities of human character, he comes nearer than any other

painter to him, who is unapproached and unapproachable, Shakspeare ; and yet two worlds, that of Humor, and that of Passion, separate them. In exquisiteness of art, Goethe might be compared to him. But neither he nor Shakspeare has Raphael's deep Christian feeling. And then there is such a peculiar glow and blush of beauty in his works : whithersoever he comes, he sheds beauty from his wings.

Why did he die so early ? Because morning cannot last till noon, nor spring through summer. Early, too, as it was, he had lived through two stages of his art, and had carried both to their highest perfection.

This rapid progressiveness of mind he also had in common with Shakspeare and Goethe, and with few others.

Sainte Famille dite La Perle.

FTER the death of Charles I. of England, a sale was ordered of his collection of Works of Art, valued at £49,903 2s. 6d. The dispersion took place in 1650 and 1653, attracting vast numbers of agents from foreign princes, and amateurs from all parts of Europe. The total proceeds of the sale, including the embroideries, jewels, etc., was £118,080 10s. 2d.; the seven Cartoons being purchased for the British nation for £300.

The purchases of the Spanish ambassador, Don Alonzo de Cardenas, were so great, that eighteen mules were required to convey them from Corunna to Madrid. Among them was the large Holy Family by Raphael, from the Mantua Collection, for which he gave £2,000. Philip IV. is said to have exclaimed on seeing it, "This is my Pearl;" hence the picture has

been so designated by lovers of art. "And he was a good judge," says the editor of Murray's Hand-Book of Spain, "for never was the serious gentleness of the blessed Virgin-Mother, her beauty of form, her purity of soul, better portrayed."

Says Kugler, it is "the most important, and, in composition, unquestionably the finest of Raphael's Holy Families. The figures arranged in perfect harmony, form a beautiful group."

The Madonna is represented full life-size, holding with one hand the Infant Jesus, who is half seated on her right knee, his left leg resting on the cradle, the other hanging down. The little St. John, raising with both hands the skirt of his skin garb, is presenting to the Infant Jesus the fruits he has collected there. The child, ere he takes them, turns smilingly towards his mother, as if to solicit her permission. Mary's left arm rests on the shoulder of St. Anne, who, kneeling, seems absorbed in meditation. The background is occupied on one side with a landscape, on the other with ruins, close to which we see St. Joseph.

De Quincey remarks, "The coloring of this picture, though somewhat faded by the effects of time, has preserved great vigor, and a harmony, which, in some of its parts, need fear no comparison with the works of




the Venetian school. The flesh tints of the Infant Jesus are as brilliant, as the movement and outlines of the figure are graceful and pure. In more than one place of the picture, we detect corrections, or second thoughts. We learn from these that the head of the Virgin, now a three-quarters face, was at first in profile. The hair above the left temple has been raised. We also perceive several alterations in the outline of the left hand of the Virgin, and of the left thigh of the child."

Three others of Raphael's pictures are in the Escorial Gallery : i. e., The Madonna del Spasimo, Virgen del Pez (of the Fish), and the Annunciation. These four gems came near falling into English hands a few years since. It having been intimated that the government was disposed to part with them, Lord Clarendon offered, through the Spanish minister, the sum of £80,000 for them. But profound secrecy was a condition of the negotiation—whether with a view of replacing the originals with copies, on the walls of the Gallery, which a public, ignorant of the sale, should accept as genuine, can only be surmised,—and the matter coming to the ears of the public, the Spanish government withdrew its consent to the sale.

Studies of Raphael.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.


HEN I was in the Galleries of Oxford, I saw many of the designs of Raphael and Michael Angelo. I looked upon them with reverence, and took up such of them as I was permitted to touch, as one would take up a love-token. It seemed to me, these sketches brought me nearer the great masters than their finished pictures could have done, because therein I saw the mind's processes as they were first born. They were the first salient points of the inspiration.



MOZART and RAPHAEL ! as long as the winds make the air give forth sounds, and the sun paints the earth with colors, so long shall the world not let these names die.

Hymn to the Virgin.

FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD.

 OTHER of the spirit child !
Of the guileless and the meek,
Mournful are thine eyes, but mild
With a beauty from above ;
Pale but eloquent with love,
Thy youthful brow and cheek !
Thou, oh ! thou hast known a parent's wasting grief !
A suppliant parent kneels, imploring thy relief !


By the pure and solemn joy
Filling all thy maiden breast,
When the precious heaven-born boy,
Glowing with celestial charms,
Lay within those virgin arms
A bright and wondrous guest !
Hear in mercy, hear the faltering voice of grief !
A suppliant mother kneels, imploring thy relief !

By thine anguish in that hour,
Hour of woe and dread, when Death
Dared to stay the awful power,
High, majestic yet benign ;
Dared to seal the truth divine
Which dwelt upon his breath !
By thy hope, thy trust, thy rapture, and thy grief,
Oh ! fainted Marie ! send this breaking heart relief !

Madonna di Foligno,

ALSO KNOWN AS

LA VIERGE AU DONATAIRE.

 HIS renowned Madonna belongs to the class of votive * pictures. Sigismund Conti, of Foligno, a learned historian, and private secretary to Pope Julius II., having been in great danger from a meteor, or thunderbolt, vowed an offering to the Blessed Virgin, to whom he attributed his safety, and in fulfilment of his vow, induced Raphael to paint this precious

* Providential escapes, victories, and successes, were among the most frequent occasions of what are called votive pictures. In these compositions, the Madonna and Child are generally represented surrounded by saints, the latter being selected for various reasons, according to the taste or devotion of the proprietor of the picture. The donor is frequently introduced kneeling, sometimes alone, sometimes with his family, and in many cases a patron saint recommends the votaries. The ultimate intercession of the Madonna is, however, distinctly intimated by her appearing in the character of the "Mater Dei." When she is represented alone, her action is more directly that of a suppliant.—SIR CHAS. EASTLAKE,

picture, which he bestowed upon the Church of Ara Cœli in Rome. This was in 1511, when Raphael was in his twenty-eighth year. In the upper part of the picture is the Madonna with the Child, enthroned on the clouds in a glory, surrounded by angels. Underneath, on one side, kneels the donor, raising his folded hands to the Virgin; behind him stands St. Jerome, who recommends him to her care. On the other side is St. Francis, also kneeling and looking upward, while he points with one hand out of the picture to the people, for whom he entreats the protection of the Mother of Grace; behind him is John the Baptist, who points to the Madonna, while he looks at the spectator as if inviting the latter to pay her homage.

In the centre of the picture and immediately beneath the Virgin, is an angel boy; his head raised, while in his hands he holds a tablet, evidently intended for an inscription, though no trace appears thereon. The background is a beautiful landscape. In the distance is the city of Foligno, on which falls a meteor, an allusion to the circumstance which called forth the donation; above these, arches a rainbow—pledge of peace and safety.

The Church of Ara Cœli, in which the picture was dedicated, belonged to the Franciscans, which ac-



counts for the introduction of St. Francis into the composition. The presence of the figure of St. Jerome is not so easily explained; but Mrs. Jameson suggests the following hypothesis, which is at least ingenious, and not improbable: "The patron saint of the donor, St. Sigismund, was a king and a warrior, and Conti might possibly think that it did not accord with his profession, as an humble ecclesiastic, to introduce him here. The most celebrated convent of the Jeronimites in Italy is that of St. Sigismund near Cremona, placed under the special protection of St. Jerome, who is also, in a general sense, the patron of all ecclesiastics; hence perhaps he figures here as the protector of Sigismund Conti."

Conti died in 1512, and in 1565 the picture was removed by his grandniece, Inora Anna Conti, to a convent called Le Contesse, at Foligno, of which she was a nun. It was carried off to Paris by the French in 1792. At the restoration of the works of art in Italy, in 1815, it was placed in the VATICAN, of which it is now one of the most prized ornaments. This picture has received the highest encomiums for its spirit and execution, in its several parts and as a whole. It has been pronounced "one of Raphael's most remarkable examples for the expression of character," and as

“one of the most vigorous in coloring and general execution.”

Vafari, in commenting upon the individual figures, remarks of St. John, “We recognize him by his attenuated frame, the result of penitence and long fasting; his countenance, the mirror of his soul, announces that frankness and abruptness of manners usual with those who flee the world, and who, if ever they appear in it, manifest themselves the enemies of all dissimulation.”

To which sentiment, De Quincey (the Biographer of Raphael and Michael Angelo) adds: “This is what Pliny calls *pingere mores*—an expression, the literal translation of which does not adequately represent its meaning, which should be construed—to paint the moral of each subject.”

Hazlitt says, “I know not enough how to admire the innumerable heads of cherubs surrounding her, touched in with such care and delicacy, yet so as scarcely to be perceptible except on close inspection, nor that figure of the winged cherub below, offering the casket, and with his round chubby face and limbs as full of rosy health and joy, as the cup is full of the juice of the purple vines.”

Kugler also speaks of the angel with the tablet, as “of unspeakable intensity and exquisite beauty—

one of the most marvellous figures that Raphael has created:" and Vasari considers it "not possible to imagine any thing more graceful or more beautiful than this child, whether as regards the head or the rest of the person."

The original is reported to be one of the best preserved of Raphael's pictures, many of which have suffered from the hand of time, and the yet more to be dreaded hand of picture-cleaners and "restorers."

Stanzas,

SUGGESTED

BY A BEAUTIFUL COPY OF THE MADONNA AND CHILD.

BY BERNARD BARTON.



MAY not change the simple faith,
In which from childhood I was bred ;
Nor could I, without scorn or scathe,
The living seek among the dead ;
My soul has far too deeply fed
On what no painting can express,
To bend the knee, or bow the head,
To aught of pictured loveliness.

And yet, Madonna ! when I gaze
On charms unearthly, such as thine ;
Or glances yet more reverent raise,
Unto that infant, so Divine !

I marvel not that many a shrine
Hath been, and still is, reared to thee,
Where mingled feelings might combine
To bow the head and bend the knee.

For who—that is of woman born,
And hath that birthright understood,
Mindful of being's early morn,
Can e'er behold with thoughtless mood,
Most pure and perfect womanhood?
Woman—by angel once addressed;
And by the wise, the great, the good
Of every age accounted blessed!

Or who that feels the spell—which Heaven
Casts round us in our infancy,
But more or less, hath homage given
To childhood—half unconscious why?
A yet more touching mystery
Is in that feeling comprehended,
When thus is brought before the eye,
Godhead with childhood strangely blended.

And hence I marvel not at all,
That spirits, needing outward aid,

Should feel and own the magic thrall
In your meek loveliness displayed :
And if the objects thus portrayed
Brought comfort, hope, or joy to them,
Their error, let who will upbraid,
I rather pity—than condemn.

For me, though not by hands of mine
May shrine or altar be upreared ;
In you, the human and Divine
Have both so beautiful appeared,
That each, in turn, hath been endeared,
As in you feeling has explored
Woman—with holier love revered,
And God—more gratefully adored.





La Vierge aux Candelabres.


THIS somewhat singular representation of the Holy Mother and Child, is classed by Kugler among those Madonnas which were, in a great measure, the work of Raphaël's scholars, and only partially touched by the fingers of the great master himself.

If the face of the infant is one of the least pleasing of the series, his position is easy and natural, and the countenance of the Virgin has a large share of that ineffable sweetness of expression, combined with a calm thoughtfulness, which characterizes all the Madonnas of this artist.

The original painting formed a part of the collection of Lucien Bonaparte, Prince of Canino, at the Palazzo Lucano, Rome; and was sold in England, with other treasures of art, by the Duke of Lucca, in 1840, and is now in the possession of Mr. Munro.

The Legend of Santarem.

BY CAROLINE SOUTHEY.

OME listen to a monkish tale of old,
Right Catholic, but puerile some may deem,
Who all unworthy their high notice hold
Aught but grave truth, or lofty learned theme ;
Too wise for simple fancies, smiles and tears,
Dreams of our earliest, purest, happiest years.

Come—listen to my legend ; for of them
Surely thou art not : and to thee I'll tell
How on a time in holiest Santarem
Strange accident miraculous befell
Two little ones ; who to the sacred shrine
Came daily to be schooled in things divine.

Twin sisters—orphan innocents were they :
Most pure, I ween, from all but the olden taint,
Which only Jesu's blood can wash away :
And holy as the life of holiest faint,
Was his, that good Dominican's, who fed
His master's lambs, with more than daily bread.

The children's custom, while that pious man
Performed the various duties of his state
Within the spacious church, as sacristan,
Was on the altar steps to sit and wait,
Nestling together ('twas a lovely sight !)
Like the young turtle-doves of Hebrew rite.

A small rich chapel was their sanctuary,
While thus abiding ;—with adornment fair
Of curious carved work, wrought cunningly,
In all quaint patterns, and devices rare :
And over them, above the altar, smiled
From Mary-Mother's arms, the Holy Child.

Smiled on his infant guests, as there below,
On the fair altar steps, these young ones spread
(Nor aught irreverent in such act I trow)
Their simple morning meal of fruit and bread.

Such feast not ill befecmed the facred dome—
Their father's houle is the dear children's home.

At length it chanced, upon a certain day,
When Frey Bernardo to the chapel came,
Where patiently was ever wont to stay
His infant charge ; with vehement acclaim
Both lifping creatures forth to meet him ran,
And each to tell the fame ftrange tale began.

“ Father ! ” they cried, as hanging on his gown
On either fide, in each perplexed ear
They poured their eager tidings—“ He came down—
Menino Jefu has been with us here !—
We asked him to partake our fruit and bread ;
And he came down—and fat with us—and fed.”

“ Children ! my children ! know ye what ye fay ? ”
Bernardo haftily replied—“ But hold !—
Peace, Briolanja ! rafh art thou alway :
Let Inez fpeak.” And little Inez told,
In her flow filvery fpeech diftinctly o'er,
The fame ftrange tidings he had heard before.

“Blessed are ye, my children !” with devout
And deep humility, the good man cried—
“Ye have been highly favored. Still to doubt
Were gross impiety and sceptic pride.
Ye have been highly favored. Children, dear !
Now your old master’s loving counsel hear.

“Return to-morrow with the morning light,
And as before, spread out your simple fare
On the same table ; and again invite
Menino Jefu to descend and share :
And if he come, say—‘ Bid us, blessed Lord !
We and our master to thy heavenly board.’

“Forget not, children of my soul ! to plead
For your old master : even for his sake
Who fed ye faithfully : and he will heed
Your innocent lips ; and I shall so partake
With his dear lambs. Beloved, with the sun
Return to-morrow. Then—His will be done.”

“To-night ! to-night ! Menino Jefu faith
We shall sup with him, Father ! we and thee,”
Cried out both happy children in a breath
As the good father entered anxiously

About the morrow's noon, that holy shrine,
Now consecrate by special grace divine.

“He bade us come alone ; but then we said
We could not, without thee, our Master dear—
At that, he did not frown, but shook his head
Denyingly : Then straight with many a tear
We prayed so fore, he could not but relent,
And so he smiled at last, and gave consent.”

“Now God be praised !” the old man said, and fell
In prayer upon the marble floor straightway,
His face to earth : and so, till vesper bell,
Entranced in the spirit's depths he lay ;
Then rose like one refreshed with wine, and stood,
Composed among th' assembling Brotherhood.

The mass was said ; the evening chant was o'er ;
Hushed its long echoes through the lofty dome :
And now Bernardo knew the appointed hour
That he had prayed for, of a truth was come.
Alone he lingered in the solemn pile,
Where darkness gathered fast from aisle to aisle ;

Except that through a distant door-way streamed
One slanting sunbeam, gliding whereupon
Two angel spirits—(so in sooth it seemed,
That loveliest vision)—hand in hand come on,
With noiseless motion. “Father! we are here,”
Sweetly saluted the good Father’s ear.

A hand he laid on each fair sun-bright head,
Rayed like a seraph’s with effulgent light,
And—“Be ye blest, ye blessed ones,” he said,
“Whom Jesu bids to his own board to-night—
Lead on, ye chosen, to the appointed place
Lead your old master.” So, with steadfast face,

He followed, where these young ones led the way
To that small chapel—like a golden clue
Streamed on before that long bright sunset ray,
Till at the door it stopt. Then passing through,
The master and the pupils, side by side,
Knelt down in prayer before the Crucified.

Tall tapers burnt before the holy shrine;
Chalice and paten on the altar stood,
Spread with fair damask. Of the crimson wine
Partaking first alone; the living food


Bernardo next with his dear children shared—
Young lips, but well for heavenly food prepared.

And there we leave them. Not for us to see
The feast made ready, that first act to crown ;
Nor to peruse the solemn mystery
Of the divine Menino's coming down
To lead away th' elect, expectant three,
With him that night at his own board to be.

Suffice it, that with him they surely were
That night in Paradise ; for those who came
Next to the chapel found them as in prayer,
Still kneeling—stiffened every lifeless frame,
With hands and eyes upraised as when they died,
Toward the image of the Crucified.

That mighty miracle spread far and wide,
And thousands came the feast of death to see ;
And all beholders, deeply edified,
Returned to their own homes more thoughtfully,
Musing thereon : with one great truth imprest,
That “to depart and be with Christ is best.”

La Belle Jardinier.

ECOND only to the Madonna della Seggiola, in popular estimation, this simple and beautiful picture has been reproduced in numerous engravings, and become one of the best known of the series. “The sweetest cheerfulness, grace, and innocence,” observes Kugler, “breathe from this picture.”

It was painted by Raphael at Florence, just as he was leaving that city for Rome, about 1507, and sent to Siena. It was purchased by Francis I., and now forms one of the attractions of the Louvre,—though it has unfortunately been much injured.

De Quincey describes it as “one of those simple designs, which more especially from the size (small life) of the figures, we may place in the first rank of those in which Raphael, before rising to the ideal of his subject, as he afterwards did, confined himself to the

conceptions of pure simplicity, innocence, and modest grace, of which he found the models in the young village girls. | Nothing can equal the artlessness of this composition. The tone of color and the style of drawing are in admirable harmony, and that harmony could create nothing purer or more divine than the form of the Infant Jesus, and the feeling of adoration of the little Saint John.”



The Old Masters.

LANDOR'S IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS.

[CARDINAL ALBONI.]

TITIAN ennobled men ; Correggio raised children to angels ; RAPHAEL performed the more arduous work of restoring to woman her pristine purity. Perugino was worthy of leading him by the hand. I am not surprised that Rubens is the prime favorite of tulip-fanciers ; but give me the clear warm mornings of Correggio, which his large-eyed angels, just in puberty, so enjoy. Give me the glowing afternoons of Titian ; his majestic men, his gorgeous women, and (with a prayer to protect my virtue) his Bacchantes. Yet, Signors ! we may descant on grace and majesty as we will, believe me, there is neither majesty so calm, concentrated, sublime, and self-pos-


seffed (true attributes of the divine) ; nor is there grace at one time so human, at another time so superhuman, as in RAPHAEL.

He leads us into heaven ; but neither in satin robes nor with ruddy faces. He excludes the glare of light from the sanctuary ; but there is an ever-burning lamp, an ever-ascending hymn ; and the purified eye sees, as distinctly as is lawful, the divinity of the place.

I delight in Titian ; I love Correggio ; I wonder at the vastness of Michael-Angelo ; I admire, love, wonder, and then fall down before RAPHAEL.



La Vierge a la Redemption.

 HIS Madonna, which we were induced to include in the present collection, by the twofold claim it possesses, of great sweetness of expression, and a dissemblance to any other of the number chosen, we are very nearly convinced, from careful investigation, was not executed by Raphael, though it passes generally unquestioned as such. This fact being admitted, critics will find little difficulty in pointing out its defects,—stiffness, want of dignity and character, etc.,—which, however correct the judgment, would hardly have been discovered, or at least, avowed, while the paternity of the original was undoubted. Probably the painting was executed by the immediate scholars of the great master, and may have received some touches from his own hand.


The original is said to be in the possession of M. Raphael Tosoni, Professor of Chemistry at Milan.

Letter from Raphael

TO HIS UNCLE.

WRITTEN FROM ROME, JULY 1ST, 1514.

[Probably no apology is required for introducing this letter of Raphael's;—one of the few that have been preserved. If there were, we should urge, first,—in general terms, the vast superiority of original letters over formal Biography, however ingenious and able, in bringing us into actual contact with the subject of our inquiry; and secondly, the unusual interest of the incidents narrated, and the charming simplicity of style, would be sufficient reasons for the republication of the particular letter in question.—ED.]

EAR UNCLE AND SECOND FATHER,—I have received a letter from you, to me most gratifying, since I find that you are not angry with me; indeed, you would be wrong to be so, for consider how irksome it is to write when there is nothing important to communicate. But now that there is important matter to talk about, I reply.

In the first place, with regard to taking a wife, I answer that, as to the one you first intended to give me, I am most happy, and thank God constantly that I neither married her nor any other, and in this respect I have been wiser than you, who wished to give her to me.

I am sure you must now yourself be convinced that, had I followed your advice, I should not have been in the position in which I am. At this moment I find that I have property in Rome to the amount of 3,000 gold ducats, and an income of 50 gold crowns. His Holiness allows me 300 gold ducats (annually) for superintending the building of St. Peter's: this provision is secured to me for life.

Other such salaries are in prospect, in addition to which I am paid whatever I choose to ask for my works, and I have begun another room for His Holiness, which will amount to 1,200 gold ducats; so that, dear uncle, I do honor to you and all my relations, and to my native place; but I cease not to hold you in my heart, and when I hear you named, it is as if I heard my father named. Do not, therefore, complain because I do not write; I might rather complain of you who have always the pen in your hand, and yet suffer six months to intervene between one letter and another.

To return to the subject of the wife, from which I have digressed: you are aware that Santa Maria in Portico (Cardinal Bibiena) wishes to give me a relation (a grand-niece) of his, and, on condition of obtaining your consent, and that of my uncle the priest, I promised to do whatever his Eminence wished. I cannot break my word; we are more than ever ready to conclude the affair, and I will soon inform you of all. Do not be offended that this business thus takes its good course; if it should come to nothing, I will then do whatever you wish, and know, if Francesco Buffa has good alliances within his reach, that I can boast some too; for I can find a handsome lass in Rome, of excellent name, both she and hers; her friends, indeed, are ready to give me a dowry of 3,000 gold crowns with her. Meanwhile, I live in Rome, where 100 ducats are more worth having (all things considered) than 200 in Urbino; of this be sure. With respect to residing in Rome, I can no longer remain elsewhere for any length of time, on account of the building of St. Peter's—for I am in Bramante's place: but what place in the world is more glorious than Rome? and what undertaking more honorable than St. Peter's—the first temple in the world—the greatest structure that has ever been seen, and which will cost more than a million

of gold? Know that the Pope has determined to spend 60,000 ducats annually for this building; he thinks of nothing else. He has associated with me, in the direction, a very learned friar, more than eighty years old; the Pope feels he cannot live long, and has appointed him as my colleague, as he is a man of great reputation and experience, in order that I may learn from him, if he has any excellent secret in architecture, and that I may become accomplished in this art; he is called Fra Giacondo. Every day the Pope sends for us, and consults with us for a while about this building.

I beg you will go to the Duke and Dukes, and tell them I know they will be pleased to hear that a servant of theirs does himself honor, and commend me to their Highnesses. I commend myself unceasingly to you. Greet all friends, especially Ridolfo, who has so much affection for me.


“EL VOSTRO RAFAEL, Pittore in Roma.

“Alli primo Luglio, 1514.”

From "The Palace of Art."

BY TENNYSON.

* * * * *

 R the maid-mother by a crucifix,
In tracts of pasture funny-warm,
Beneath branch-work of costly sardonix
Sat smiling, babe in arm.

Or in a clear-walled city on the sea,
Near gilded organ-pipes, her hair
Wound with white roses, slept St. Cecily;
An angel looked at her.

Or, thronging all one porch of Paradise,
A group of Houris bowed to see
The dying Islamite, with hands and eyes
That said, we wait for thee.

Or mythic Uther's deeply wounded son
In some fair space of sloping greens
Lay, dozing in the vale of Avalon,
And watched by weeping queens.

Or hollowing one hand against his ear,
To lift a footfall, ere he saw
The wood-nymph, stayed the Tuscan king to hear
Of wisdom and of law.

Or over hills with peaky tops engrailed,
And many a tract of palm and rice,
The throne of Indian Cama slowly failed
A summer fanned with spice.

Or sweet Europa's mantle blew unclasped
From off her shoulder backward borne;
From one hand drooped a crocus; one hand grasped
The mild bull's golden horn.

Or else flushed Ganymede, his rosy thigh
Half buried in the Eagle's down,
Sole as a flying star shot through the sky
Above the pillared town.

Nor these alone : but every legend fair
Which the supreme Caucasian mind
Carved out of Nature for itself, was there,
Not less than life designed.

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La Sainte Famille.

 HIS spirited and interesting group was long supposed to have been executed expressly for Francis I. But subsequent investigation proves it to have been painted about 1518, to the order of Lorenzo de Medici, Duke of Urbino, probably for presentation to Francis I.

For the sake of distinction, the picture is known as the “Benediction,”—from the posture of one of the angels,—though it is generally called simply “The Holy Family,” and, says M. Guizot, needs no other designation. “Perhaps no other of his compositions,” he adds, “is so pure in style, so lofty and holy in expression. All the persons in the picture are evidently filled with holy thoughts.”

The Infant Jesus is springing from his cradle into the arms of his mother ; he is adored by St. John, pre-

sented to him by Saint Elifabeth. An angel is seen scattering flowers on the Virgin; another kneels in homage; and St. Joseph is absorbed in meditation.

Kugler refers to it as "peculiarly excellent." He says, "The whole has a character of cheerfulness and joy; an easy play of graceful lines, and the noblest forms which unite in an intelligible and harmonious whole."


The original is preserved in the Louvre. Its dimensions are large; it being six feet eight and a half inches high, by four feet seven inches wide; the heads are natural size.



Painting.

BY PROSPER M. WETMORE.

Peopling, with art's creative power,
The lonely home, the silent hour.

✧  IS to the pencil's magic skill
Life owes the power, almost divine,
To call back vanished forms at will,
And bid the grave its prey resign ;
Affection's eye again may trace
The lineaments beloved so well :
'Tis there the childless mother pays
Her sorrowing soul's idolatry ;
There love can find, in after days,
A talisman to memory.
'Tis thine, o'er History's storied page,
To shed the halo light of truth ;
And bid the scenes of by-gone age
Still flourish in immortal youth—

The long forgotten battle-field,
 With mailed men to people forth ;
In bannered pride, with spear and shield,
 To show the mighty ones of earth—
To shadow, from the holy book,
 The images of sacred lore ;
On Calvary, the dying look
 That told life's agony was o'er—
The joyous hearts, and glistening eyes,
 When little ones were suffered near—
The lips that bade the dead arise,
 To dry the widowed mother's tear ;
These are the triumphs of the art,
 Conceptions of the master-mind ;
Time-shrouded forms to being start,
 And wondering rapture fills mankind !

Led by the light of Genius on,
 What visions open to thy gaze !
'Tis nature all, and art is gone,
 We breathe with them of other days :
Italia's victor leads the war,
 And triumphs o'er the enfanguined plain :
Behold ! the Peasant Conqueror
 Piling Marengo with his slain :

That fun of glory beams once more,
But clouds have dimmed its radiant hue,
The splendor of its race is o'er,
It fets in blood on Waterloo !

What scene of thrilling awe is here !
No look of joy, no eye for mirth ;
With steeled hearts and brows austere,
Their deeds proclaim a nation's birth.
Fame here inscribes for future age,
A proud memorial of the free ;
And stamps upon her deathless page,
The noblest theme of history.

To the Virgin.

FROM THE GERMAN OF NOVALIS.

BY RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.

IN thousand forms, Eternal Maid,
Has pious Art imagined Thee,
But never wert thou so portrayed,
As once, that once, Thou cam'st to me.
I only know that since that sight
I take no thought of night or day,
And all the world's material might
Flees like a shamed child away.
Thou bad'st me drink, and since full deep
I drained the cup thy hand had given,
A perfect rest, that was not sleep,
Passed to my soul, and made it Heaven.

Madonna di San Sisto.

THIS favorite Madonna was painted, according to Vafari, as an altar-piece for the high altar of the church of the Black Friars of San Sisto in Piacenza. It has, however, been supposed that it was designed for a procession picture, to which opinion several writers of good authority incline.

Above, are the Virgin and the Infant Jesus upon clouds, in a brilliant glory of countless angel heads, and below, St. Sixtus, on one side, and St. Barbara on the other.

“Of all the figures of the Virgin,” says De Quincy, “his genius created, none was conceived in a fuller, and, if we may use the term, a more picturesque style.” “We must further,” he adds, “point out to admiration the two cherubim at the foot of the composition—marvels of color, beauty, expression, and life, which

absolutely seem coming out of the canvas, such salient relief has the painter given them."

Kugler declares this Madonna to be "one of the most wonderful creations of Raphael's pencil; she is at once the exalted and blessed woman of whom the Saviour was born, and the tender earthly Virgin whose pure and humble nature was esteemed worthy of so great a destiny." * * * "This is a rare example of a picture of Raphael's later time, executed entirely by his own hand. No design, no study of the subject for the guidance of a scholar, no old engraving after such a study, has ever come to light. The execution itself evidently shows that the picture was painted without any such preparation."

This marvellous picture now forms the gem of the Royal Gallery at Dresden, which holds the first rank among all the collections in Germany. It was commenced by Augustus II., King of Poland; and this painting was purchased for the Gallery by Augustus III., for 22,000 crowns.

Mrs. Jameson writes, "Six times have I visited the city made glorious by the possession of this treasure, and as often, when again at a distance, with recollection disturbed by feeble copies and prints, I have begun to think, 'Is it so indeed? is she indeed so divine? or



does the imagination encircle her with a halo of religion and poetry, and lend a grace which is not really there?' and as often, when returned, I have stood before it and confessed that there is more in that form and face than I had ever yet conceived.

"In the same Gallery is the lovely Madonna of the Meyer family; inexpressibly touching and perfect in its way, but conveying only one of the attributes of Mary, her benign pity, while the Madonna di San Sisto is an abstract of all."

A modern traveller in Europe, a scholar and a man of cultivated taste and refined sensibilities, thus records the impression made upon him by this sublime composition:—"The spectator feels, at first, a little curious and puzzled to account for its effects; for this astonishing picture does not seem to have been elaborated with the patient pencil that has wrought so unweariedly upon many other famous subjects, but rather to have been thrown off, almost as though it had been in water-colors, by an inspiration of divine genius, in a sudden jubilee of its solemn exercise, with a motion of the hand, at the last height and acme of its attainment. * * * Never before by any like production had I been quite abashed or overcome. I could except to, and study and compare, other pictures: this passed

my understanding. Long did I inspect, and often did I go back to re-examine this mystery, which so foiled my criticism, and constrained my wonder, and convinced me, as nothing visible besides had ever done, that if no picture is to be worshipped, something is to be worshipped; that is to be worshipped which such a picture indicates or portrays. But the problem was too much for my solving. I can only say, it mixed for me the transport of wonder, with the ecstasy of delight; it affected me like the sign of a miracle; it was the supernatural put into color and form; for certainly no one, who received the suggestion of those features, the sense of those meek, subduing eyes, could doubt any longer, if he had ever once doubted, of there being a God, a heaven, and, both before and beyond the sepulchre, an immortal life. No one who caught the supernal expression of the whole countenance, could believe it was made of matter, born of mortality, had its first beginning in the cradle, or could be laid away in the grave, but rather was of a quite dateless and everlasting tenure. I would be free even to declare, that, in the light which played between those lips and lids, was Christianity itself,—Christianity in miniature, for the smallness of the space, I might incline to express it, but that I should query in what larger present-

ment I had ever beheld Christianity so great. Mont Blanc may fall out of the memory, and the Pass of the Stelvis fade away; but the argument for religion,—argument I call it,—which was offered to my mind in the great Madonna of Raphael, cannot fade.”*


We cannot more fitly close this sketch, than by the following invocation by Wordsworth:—

“Mother! whose virgin bosom was uncroft
With the least shade of thought to sin allied!
Woman! above all women glorified;
Our tainted nature’s solitary boast;
Purer than foam on central ocean tost;
Brighter than eastern skies at day-break strewn
With fancied roses, than the unblemished moon
Before her wane begins on heaven’s blue coast,
Thy Image falls to earth. Yet some, I ween,
Not unforgiven, the suppliant knee might bend,
As to a visible Power, in which did blend
All that was mixed and reconciled in thee,
Of mother’s love with maiden purity,
Of high with low, celestial with terrene.”

* Pictures of Europe.

To the Genius of Art.

BY ESTELLE ANNA LEWIS.

HOU art a beam from God—the brightest ray
That heaven hath earthward sent to cheer the
soul
And animate it in its house of clay,
With dreams of light, and life, and glory's goal.
Here, mutely worshipping, I gaze on thee,
Till nascent haloes dawn around thy brow,
And from the portals of eternity,
The laurelled dead, returning, round thee bow.
There, bent o'er Fornarina's fainted face,
Feeding his soul, eternal RAPHAEL kneels,
As if in its pale hues he still can trace
Beauty, surpassing all that Heaven reveals;
Angelo—Titian—all the immortal great,
Glide in, and at thy feet for inspiration wait.

The Marriage of Joseph and Mary.

A L E G E N D.

WHEN Mary was fourteen years old, the priest Zacharius inquired of the Lord concerning her, what was right to be done; and an angel came to him and said, ‘Go forth and call together all the widowers among the people, and let each bring his rod (or wand) in his hand, and he to whom the Lord shall show a sign, let him be the husband of Mary.’ And Zacharias did as the angel commanded, and made proclamation accordingly.

“And Joseph the carpenter, a righteous man, throwing down his axe, and taking his staff in his hand, ran out with the rest. When he appeared before the priest, and presented his rod, lo! a dove issued out of it—a dove dazzling white as the snow,—and after

settling on his head, flew towards heaven. Then the high priest said to him, 'Thou art the person chosen to take the Virgin of the Lord, and to keep her for him.' And Joseph was at first afraid, and drew back, but afterwards he took her home to his house, and said to her, 'Behold, I have taken thee from the temple of the Lord, and now I leave thee in my house, for I must go and follow my trade of building. I will return to thee, and meanwhile the Lord be with thee and watch over thee.'

"So Joseph left her, and Mary remained in her house."





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